



THE GREEN BOOK OF MONSIEUR DE SARTINE



RICHARD TICKELL







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45003 [Tickell, Richard]

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THE
GREEN BOX
OF
MONSIEUR DE SARTINE,
FOUND AT
MADAMOISELLE DU THE's LODGINGS.

From the FRENCH of the Hague Edition.

Revised and Corrected by those of LEIPSIC and AMSTERDAM.

" I translate for the Country Gentlemen."

ANTICIPATION.

Printed in the Year M,DCC,LXXIX.

Tickell

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ADVERTISEMENT.

MINISTERS in all countries are very cautious, and very careless—In France, as well as England, they lock up letters and state papers in *Green boxes*; but sometimes these boxes are not well taken care of—It was to this caution, and this carelessness, that I am indebted for the discovery of Monsieur *De Sartine's* politics. For, about six weeks since, a brother Jacobin and myself, in our morning rounds, called at Mademoiselle *Du Thé's*. Mademoiselle's femme de chambre, a little arch brunette, whose eyes seemed to require absolution, having opened the door, engaged the attention of my companion; so that, without any inquiries from the maid, I slipped up stairs, to be of equal service to the mistress. The toilet door being open, I walked in, in hopes of finding her there; but I soon saw my mistake; for, upon one of the sofas I discovered a chapeau de bras and sword; which exciting my curiosity, I examined the room more closely, and, behind the veil of the glass, to my great delight, I perceived a *Green box*. In short, Monsieur *De Sartine*, who had come late from his Majesty, was, at that moment, in Mademoiselle *Du Thé's* arms, while his *Green box* was in mine; and I leave you to think which of the two was the best pleased. I immediately snatched up this treasure of secrecy, and, hiding it under my gown, without disturbing my brother, who was occupied in devotion, I hastened home to study politics. I own, at first, I had some scruples about opening the
box,

box, but I reflected how much it was the duty of my profession to discover all secrets; and, I argued, that, if it was profane, even in kings, to conceal their thoughts from their confessors, a minister who locked up his secrets must be an enemy to religion, and, if not himself, certainly his *Green box* should be put to the question.—But, why reveal these secrets? It's fair to discover, but not to disclose them.—To this I answer, that the papers themselves must be my defence.—Possibly, some critics may, at first, be inclined to compare Sartine's box to Pandora's, and the editor to a second Epimetheus; but they will soon do me the justice to make some distinction between us. It was not till *after* he had opened his box that war and discord broke forth; but all the mischief was done in France, long *before* I opened M. Sartine's. The fable says, Hope alone rested at the bottom: An allegory, very flattering to the Editor of the *Green box*.—In short, if these papers show how little reason we have to depend on the French ministry, or the English opposition, I shall trust to the judgment of every friend of France to approve or condemn this publication.—O you, my countrymen, whom I love, and who ought to love me for flying my country for your sake *, will you not at last think and act like Frenchmen of true spirit?

—The editor has published the several papers without any arrangement, but merely as he drew them out of the box, leaving it to the superior sagacity of his readers to form their own opinions as they may naturally arise from reading them.

INSTRUCTIONS

* As soon as the Editor had determined to publish these papers, he thought it adviseable to retire to Holland.—The Bastille has never been a friend to the liberty of the press.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR MYSELF*.

WHENEVER His Majesty talks to me about the distress of the people, the low state of the finances, or of such things, I must expatiate on glory, the love of empire, Louis le Grand, &c.

If his Majesty should inquire for the particulars of our loss at Pondicherry, I will immediately recount the arms, ammunition, and warlike stores, so gloriously taken at Senegal. It is but a slight transition from Asia to Africa, and his Majesty is no pedant in geography.

D'Estaing's squadron is in so bad a way, that it is now high time for me to discover that I always have thought he would not succeed—I have looked melancholy for the two last levees; but this is not enough. I must take a decided line—I am therefore determined, at all events, the very first time the King mentions D'Estaing, to *shake my head*; nay, I have my doubts whether it may not be eligible—even to *shrug up my shoulders*.

Though it is very right to praise so young a King as ours, for his generosity and disinterested love for America, yet it's not politic to say too much of this. In an absolute monarchy, it is dangerous to talk so warmly
ly

* It cost the Editor great pains to decypher these private memorandums—they appeared by the M. S. to have been sketched out at different times by M. De Sartine, sometimes with a pen, and sometimes with a pencil.

ly of the love of liberty; besides it may appear a little inconsistent; for, tho' we are now so kind to America, we can't quite forget how the English differed in opinion with us about Corsica; and if our court is so liberal to Dr Franklyn, does not his Britannic Majesty support poor Paoli?

I begin to think it's high time we should furnish his Majesty with a mistress in our interests; for, though the Queen, who is quite our friend, governs him pretty well at present, it cannot be reasonably supposed, that a wife can long retain her influence. I must talk to *Du Thé* on this subject—some woman must always govern France; and whether Madame Maintenon was a wife, or a mistress, she equally refuted the Salic law.

It will be very prudent to hire a good quantity of poets, painters, sculptors, and engravers, to keep his Majesty in good humour with himself, and chase away all melancholy thoughts from Versailles. On every occasion of bad news, it will be necessary to give variety to adulation. Sometimes to present his Majesty with an ode or two, in which he shall be ranked with the Jupiters, the Apollos, the Alexanders, &c.—at other times to surpass, if possible, the flattering pencil of Le Brun—now to represent in allegory, his protection of America, under the form of a fountain, with thirteen spouts watering thirteen laurels—Invention must be racked for new designs in medals; for example, his Majesty binding thirteen faggots—His Majesty a colossus, one foot at Paris, the other at Philadelphia. The misfortune is, it will be almost impossible to invent novelties; for, while Louis XIV. was at war with the Hollanders, he had almost as many medals in honour
of

of his love of liberty, as he suffered defeats for actually combating against it. However, if medals can't be managed well, we may try what tapestry can do. Colbert was a cunning Scot, and certainly founded the Gobelins, as a new resource for flattery. We must improve on this system, and new hang the Louvre with worsted laurels over the thirteen American stripes interspersed with fleur de lys.

Neckar either has a little too much conscience, or he deceives people very artfully; for he refuses any salary for his office; yet, if he has no douceurs, no bribes, no contracts, how very false the old proverb is, *point d' argent point de Suisse!*

London, 25th January, 1779.

TO MONSIEUR DE SARTINE, &c.

SIR,

I HAD the honour to receive your commands, conveyed in the most obliging manner, by your secretary. The connections which some years residence here has enabled me to form, assisted by the introductions you have so judiciously pointed out, may give me some few occasions of making discoveries, not wholly unworthy your attention. But, I must own, I fear these will be but few; were I employed in this kind of *secret embassy*, by almost any one but Monsieur de Sartine, I might, perhaps, magnify trifles, and repeat trite details, with an officiousness and mystery sufficient
to

to promote my own interest. But, when I write to you, what event can I communicate, which your wisdom will not have foreseen? What opinions can I suggest, that can be new to your understanding? This difficulty would be great in any country: In England it has double force.—Alas! in these times, a spy's office here is almost a sinecure: A dozen news-papers in the morning, and as many fresh ones every evening, rob us of all our business: A secret, even in private affairs, is a prodigy in London; but, as to public matters, it is the patriot's boast, that a free constitution abhors secrecy: And so, indeed, it seems; for, not only the minutest accounts of the army, the navy, and the taxes, but the minister's letters, official instructions, and, in short, every paper, the disclosure of which may serve opposition, and tend to prejudice the ministers, by a premature discovery of their plans, are perpetually called for, and must lie on the tables of Parliament; where, as soon as they are once brought, their contents, one way or other, get into print; consequently, a few days after they are published, the French ministers are not only as much in possession of them as the English, but study them far more attentively, and to ten times more advantage, than *they* do who called for their disclosure in England.—All this is bad encouragement to a spy at London. News-papers, pamphlets, parliamentary debates, remembrancers, and all the infinite variety of periodical libels, under the conduct of our good friend Mr Almon, leave but a scanty and beaten field of politics for private discovery. To be of any real use, I must limit my researches to the secret motives, and
concealed

concealed interests of the contending factions. The English themselves publish the text of politics—I must write the comment. Engaged as we are in a war, which the speeches, writings, predictions, and menaces of the opposition in England have led us to attempt, it will be of most consequence to penetrate their intentions, to trace their true designs, and, in short, to be a *spy on their hearts*; a study to which a disbanded Jesuit has, perhaps, the best key, by consulting his own. I am invited to dine with Lord Shelburne in a few days; after which, I shall seize the first occasion to transmit my next despatches; happy to give every testimony of my perfect respect and attachment to Mr de Sartine.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obliged,
Most obedient, and
Devoted faithful servant.

[Private] *Hotel de Lautrac, 24th Nov. 1778.*

MY DEAR SARTINE,

I INCLOSE you *Gerard's* private account of his first audience with Congress. He seems disgusted enough with these *vermin*, as he calls them. I think it will make you laugh.

Ever your's,
GRAVIER DE VERGENNES.

B

NCLO-

(INCLOSED.)

Philadelphia, Aug. 21. 1778.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOU will find by my despatches, that I have taken care to magnify my first audience, in order to reconcile his Majesty's mind to his new *allies*: But, writing to you, I must forget the minister, and laugh at this strange embassy. My secretary and I were so diverted at the mock politeness of these vermin, the dirty rebels, that we have made out the account current: Here it is——

Most faithfully your's,

CONRADE ALEX. GERARD.

ACCOUNT of COMPLIMENTS between
CONGRESS and GERARD.

CR.	<i>Per contra</i>	DR.
To a coach and six sent by Congress (to take me to the audience) inclosing two delegates.		My allowing one of them to sit on the same side with me.
Item, to the President and Congress all getting up on my going in.		A bow a piece from my secretary and me.
Item, their listening to my French, and getting it translated.		My listening to their bad English.
		Item,

CR.	<i>Per contra.</i>	DR.
Item, to the President's speech and fine bow at the end of it.		Permitting my secretary to take a copy of it.
Item, to 27 bad bows at sundry times, from said President and said vermin.		Six from me and 21 from my secretary.
Item, to their giving me an arm chair opposite the President.		My consenting to dine with them afterwards.
Item, to their being all drunk in honour of the alliance.		I and my secretary condescending to be sick of their wine and their company.

London, February 5. 1779.

TO MONSIEUR DE SARTINE, &c.

SIR,

YOU shou'd have heard from me before now, but, as I cou'd not safely write by the post, I waited for this private conveyance ; particularly as I wished to acknowledge, in the most secure manner, your goodness in allowing me to draw for 200 Luidores par avance—A few days after I wrote to you last, I dined with Lord Shelburne. Monfr. ——— spoke of me so favourably to his friend Dr Price, the celebrated calculator, that the Dr advised his Lordship to invite me—It was on the 30th January, a kind of festival to all true republicans—I went with Dr Price ; and when we were announced, we found his Lordship in his library, with the whole Shelburne party ; that is to say, with

with his two friends Col. Barré and Counsellor Dunning.—These great statesmen were rather oddly employed—They were attending to Dr Priestley on a lecture of electricity, which I found however had some reference to politics. At first indeed they only tried experiments of curiosity—one of them was ridiculous enough—They put the Orator Dunning on a little stool with glass legs. He is fat and short; and put me in mind of Dr Laft's examination in Foot's Devil on Two Sticks—I asked whether they put him there to harangue; when Lord Shelburne very obligingly directed me to put my finger to the orator's nose, from which, to my great displeasure, sparks flew out; so that I immediately suspected this machine was constructed to light up his countenance: But they told me this was only a prologue before the operation, which now came on; for he descended from the stool, and they put a wire round his neck to pass the electric fire through his throat; for this orator is husky, and Dr Priestley flatters himself that these manoeuvres continued regularly for a few years, may at last dissolve the phlegm, and restore his voice—As soon as these philosophical politics were over, Col. Barré entered into conversation with me—A man of abilities, but very noisy!—However, I was very happy to find he had a most extensive acquaintance in France, and indeed in all quarters of the globe; though I own, when he told me he was particularly intimate with you, I was rather astonished that you had never given me a hint of it*.—

The

* Though I have not the slightest acquaintance with the Colonel, I'll not disclaim it—perhaps I may improve on the hint.

S—

The Colonel has a fine voice for the eloquence of opposition—a deep base to express the doubts and fears of a patriot, and the cadence of muttering thunder to threaten *a minister*. With these two orators alone, Lord Shelburne shares his councils and his hopes; and not injudiciously; for the one has the reputation of being the best advocate *in a bad cause*, and the other is certainly the best story-teller in Europe.—You see then, this party is a little exposed to division and jealousy. Indeed they are tolerably secure of unanimity; at least, of a greater degree of it than any other party—However, a few subaltern friends might give them more effect; for, at present, they seem like three admirals without any vessels under their conduct; but they are too proud to be united to any set of men, ministers or opposition.—His Lordship indeed is a kind of minister by *anticipation*, and his time at present is a rehearsal of what he hopes it will actually be at last; he practises the *etiquette* of greatness in his own house; he treats his private company as they were at his public levee; he addresses them *en routine*; he proportions his smiles, and gives a limited quantity of compliments suitable to their different ranks; affecting to adapt himself and accommodate his conversation to the level of his audience.

As far as I can judge, he is very fond of passing for the Maecenas of England; he would be thought to encourage all the fine arts; and, if a new kind of mouse-trap was invented, he would be mortified not to be thought the patron of so useful an artist; his conversation, which turns mostly on politics, is a medley of the sentiments and sayings of his two friends, and
his

his two philosophers; so that he seems a talking Encyclopedie, where the different subjects of the composition are supplied by the proper professors; the *art militaire*, and *knowledge of the world*, by Col. Barré; the tricks and subtle distinctions of law by Mr Dunning; philosophy and scepticism by Dr Priestley; and political paradoxes by my friend Dr Price.—All this cannot fail of making out something striking, though not original; we admire the picture, though the trees are done by one, the cattle by another, and the figures by a third, and so on; for the design at least is great, and the combination of such scattered beauties is curious and splendid—My Lord himself studies finances most; he has all kinds of lists of all kinds of things; and he had the goodness to tell me, in confidence, that he has discovered so many thousand fresh subjects for taxes, that he could quite charm the nation with new imposts, if he was but once minister. So attentive is he to these calculations, that he thinks of them at all times and places; and he assured the House of Lords, in a debate about America, that he rode out every day in Hyde-park to ascertain more precisely the proportionable number of horses in England, by calculating those in Middlesex, in order to a general tax on saddles and bridles.——How far such a party as this can serve the French ministers, by attacking those of England, I leave it to your superior sagacity to determine: It is to me a much less doubtful point, how far they would serve you, if they were ministers themselves.—I hope soon to give you some sketch of the *Rockingham Party*; in the mean time, I remain, with the utmost respect, your's, &c.

Ver-

Versailles, 22d March, 1778. Sunday Evening.

TO MONSIEUR DE SARTINE,

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM but just returned from a tedious levee of the Queen's, where your American Ambassadors had their first audience—a sincere head-ach might plead my excuse for not fulfilling my promise of writing—But I know you are anxious to hear how their Excellencies are liked, or rather *tolerated*—Considering all, then, pretty well!—But, indeed, you must thank the Countess *Jule de Polignac* and me for it—for, it was no very easy matter to persuade her Majesty to *endure* them. The Countess and myself stood very close to her, by way of precaution. Unluckily, *Mademoiselle Bertin* had been with her all the morning, and you know how the milliners abhor an English war.—She had ridiculed these ambassadors so humorously, that, when they made their *entrée*, her Majesty was very near laughing.—The truth is, my dear friend, they were villanously dressed; and, I don't know how it happened, but none of them looked like gentlemen. It was all in vain to talk of simplicity of manners! of greatness of mind! and contempt of forms! ‘*Ma foi*’ (dit la Reine) *il faut avouer ce n'est que de la canaille* *!’ However I pointed to Dr Franklin's white hat, as the emblem of innocence; and the Countess of Polignac to his spectacles, (one of which was broken), as
that

* It would be injustice to her Majesty, to attempt any translation of so inimitable an expression.

that of oeconomy. Assuredly, said her Majesty, this Dr Franklin is ‘ *bien singulier en toutes chose.*’ We laughed at this turn, which put her in good humour; and the *Duke de Coigny*, who was standing by, assured her Majesty that this *singular* Doctor, with his white hat, and broken spectacles, could, nevertheless, bottle lightning, and uncork it as fatally as Pandora opened her box, or Ulysses’s friends united the boraccio; at which we all laughed; because none of us understood it.—In short, we have contrived pretty well for the present; but do, my dear friend, send these barbarous ambassadors some taylor and hair-dressers; and pray encourage his Excellency, the Doctor, to have his spectacles mended. Adieu,

L A M B A L L E.

London, Feb. 11. 1779.

TO MONSIEUR DE SARTINE, &c. &c.

S I R,

EVERY day I am more convinced how hard a task it is to discover valuable secrets. You seemed aware of this, when you pointed out people whom you thought could assist me in my embassy. At the head of this list was Monf. *Le Tessier*. I had my first audience of him at his hotel in Market-lane; and this was the result. He assured me he still loved his country, but, at present, this love must be a little suspended, for he was now director of the opera, and had solemnly bound himself to his patrons, never to speak or write about politics; besides all the leisure time

time he had was devoted to learning the rudiments of the English language in the morning, in order to criticise the best and most refined works in it in the evening. —I told him, though this might check our conferring in public, yet we might have nightly conferences. ‘ Ah! Monf. he cried, recollect *Baumarchais* and *Deon!* If you and I were to meet in this way, it would renew the idea of a *spy wedding*, and one of us must forfeit the dignity of being thought of the male gender.’ —Still he assured me, he loved his country and Monf. *De Sartine*. And, at last, he hit on a method, without breaking his promise to his patrons, to communicate secrets quite in a new way, more curious than hints in hieroglyphics, or libels in lemon juice—And how is this? you will say. Why, in short, merely by the fashion of dressing his hair—Of dressing his hair!—Yes, it is so; for, having fixed on our plan of signals, I can now, with the assistance of a good glass, even across the opera-house, interpret his thoughts on politics by the *position* and *number* of his curls—For example—as stocks are likely to fall or rise, *they*, too, will mount or descend above or below his ear, which hence will become a kind of barometer, or graduated scale for all the variations of public gambling,—so, too, I shall see by their *extention* or *contraction*, whether ministers will be *rigid* or *relaxed* towards America; and, by augmenting or diminishing their number, he can convey to me his opinions whether factions will become more or less numerous, which is the material point during the sittings of parliament.—I wished, indeed, that he would improve on this last idea, and set apart the different sides of his head to express his remarks on the opposite parties in politics; the right, for the ministry,

the left, for opposition ; one set of buckles for the whigs, and the opposite for the tories ; and so compare the Ayes and the Noes by the different proportion of buckles on the opposite ears—But this, he said, was exacting too much—and, even, if Mrs Hubbard could be reconciled to such a paradox in hair-dressing, the very novelty might alarm suspicion, and lead to detection—However, he will be very correct in what he does communicate, and, for that reason, he now calls his valet de chambre his secretary, as he is to copy out the ideas of his head on his hair.—Thus, Sir, you see how difficult it is to profit even by our friends ; and on what delicate distinctions my sources of intelligence must depend : Yet I shall avail myself as much as I can of them, in order to obey your commands.

I remain, &c. &c.

List of Taking Titles for New Pamphlets in our favour ; and of Translations from the English equally so.

Voltaire's Port-folio, published by his executors.—This must contain a good deal of blasphemy and paradox, to amuse the Americans.

La Noblesse Commercante—12th edition, revised and corrected for the use of His Majesty's ministers, by Monsieur Ternay *, captain of a man of war, and Monsieur Baumarchais.

The Harmony of Despotism and Anarchy ; dedicated to the

* Lately broke for having carried his system a little too far, by freighting his frigate like a trader.

the author of *Common Sense*. A poem, to celebrate His Majesty's alliance with the Congress.

Free thoughts on the Bastile. A kind of anticipated refutation of all pamphlets against us.

A Dialogue in the Shades between Lally and D'Estaing.

—This must be prepared forthwith, but not yet published: For D'Estaing may yet escape, if Byron loves illuminations.

Mentor and Telemachus—or a bridle for the colt—Flattery, for old Maurepas and His Majesty.

The Colt unbridled—Pindaric Ode, dedicated to Lord Carlisle, embellished with a head of the Marquis de la Fayette.

I wash my hands of it—my own defence.

Translations from the English—Burke's letter to the Bristol sheriffs—literal—Hartley's to the Hull voters—the grammar a little corrected.

The Englishman, as regular as possible—with its true title. *The Frenchman*——In short, every thing Almon has published, since the Duke of Grafton resigned, except Junius.

TO MONSIEUR DE SARTINE, &c.

Monday Morning, Quarter past Eleven.

MY DEAR SARTINE,

WHAT am I to do about the inclosed? This fellow teazes me with two or three letters every week—What he says is true enough, and I think we should do something for him, or at least say so.

fo. I hope your head-ach is better—The Duchess desires me to tell you, you'll never get well of it, if you listen to old Maurepas' politics—It is quite bad enough to be obliged to listen to His Majesty. If you are disengaged after the opera, will you sup with us?

DE CHARTRES.

P. S. It is very good of you to inquire for our little *Valois*—it was only a cold—His mother would take him to the illuminations.

(INCLOSED.)

To the DUKE of CHARTRES.

*Toulon, on board the Royal Louis,
September 14. 1778.*

SIR,

IN the variety of important concerns which demand your Grace's attention, I cannot be surpris'd, that so inferior a consideration, as the interest of a private individual, should escape your recollection. But permit me to remind your Grace, that, at a moment when the victory of the 27th of July is the theme of public applause, the honour of the nation is, in some degree, concerned, in rewarding my humble, though successful counsels.—Had it not been for my advice, the equipment of that fleet, which has gained you
such

such immortal honour, might have been greatly retarded, if not absolutely prevented. Your Grace will recollect, that it was my suggestion, and mine alone, to put copies of the *order of the anchorage of Brest* aboard those vessels which were taken by the English—I foresaw they would be deceived, and alarmed—The event exceeded my most sanguine expectations—The English fleet steered home; and ours was equipped without molestation.—I trust your Grace will, by recommending me for promotion, give me occasion to *act*, as well as *advise*.

I have the honour to be,
 With the greatest respect,
 Your Grace's most obedient,
 And devoted servant,
 JEAN JACQUES GEO. LOUIS DE GASCONADE,
 (MIDSHIPMAN.)

TO MONSIEUR DE SARTINE, &c.

Monday Evening, half past Six.

ALAS! Sartine, all our hopes about the riots are at an end—Whether it is, that violent paroxysms are transient, or that the expence of illuminations has the same effect as bleeding in a fever, all this *Keppelism* has entirely subsided.—No more city-dinners in honour of innocence; no more stones and candles; no more aldermen with blue cockades; or citizen's wives with Keppel garters! He has refused the command, and his popularity fell with his flag.
 Thus

Thus has ended this strange farce, in which the principal performer was at once successful, and blamed—accused, and applauded—acquitted of a *crime*, and adored—thanked by the Parliament, and forgot by the people.—This was a promising scheme!—But we must set some other engine at work, to create that national disunion, which must always be our great resource.

Sincerely and faithfully your's,

FRANKLIN.

P. S. This bad news has put me so out of spirits, that I must beg you to make my excuses to Madam Sartine, for not supping with her to-night—If I can, I'll call in to-morrow, and eat my soup with you.

(COPY of a silly Pasquinade, found in the Tuilleries, probably written by the Marquis de Louvois.—I advised D'Orvilliers to be doubly civil to him.

S——.)

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE two admirals are both so positive of their victory on the 27th of July, and every one else so doubtful whose it was, or whether there was any at all, that it has puzzled me not a little to satisfy all parties.

parties. The *Jesuit's double Creed* has suggested the only secure way. Those who are sceptical about the English Gazettes, must read the following verses to the end of each line horizontally—Those who think that Keppel beat D'Orvilliers, will read them *by columns*. All I have to say is, that I myself am so divided between the two contradictions, that, if I might advise, my verses should be read both ways.

*The VICTORY of the TWENTY SEVENTH OF JULY,
given to the right owner.*

What dotards are they	who say England did most,
Who think France won the day,	have great reason to boast.
In D'Orvillier's gazette	there's truth and plain sense
Lies and quibbles have met	in all Keppel's defence.
Such tricks who would play?	to make off can't be fair
If one wins, why not stay,	while the enemy's there;
But the French fail'd to Brest	when the foe fled apace
England's fleet being the best	'twas as well not to chace.

TO MONSIEUR DE SARTINE, &c.

Friday Morning, Half past Eleven.

MY DEAREST LOVE,

WHY did you disappoint me? I staid at home the whole evening, and quite alone—How you would have laughed at my remarks on the inclosed! I assure

assure you, it cost me a great deal of eloquence to get a sight of it—*Angelique* was in such spirits, all the morning, while she was dressing me, that I suspected some great event. At last she told me, she had good news from America: And here it is—You know there has been a long flirtation between *Angelique* and Monsieur *Marechall*, the *Marquis de la Fayette's* valet de chambre—We have often laughed at the master—but pray, if this heroical Don Quixote amused you, may not you condescend to be diverted with his squire? I shall expect you this evening—till then, my dear little angel, think of your fond, faithful,

DU THE.

(INCLOSED)

TO MADAMOISELLE

MADAMOISELLE ANGELIQUE, *femme du chambre*, &c.
&c. &c. to MADAMOISELLE DU THE.

Philadelphia, Sept. 24. 1778.

DIVINE ANGELIQUE,

AT length, Cupid smiles—My master is tired of these savages—we shall return, and the faithful *Marechall* will lay his laurels at your feet—Ah, my sweet *Angelique*, how would your little heart have beat, when we were going to fight!—*We*, I say—for had the *Marquis* engaged, never should the world have
said,

said, his faithful *Marechall* stood tamely by ! No, no, if the Marquis had punished Lord Carlisle, for speaking ill of *his* master—by God and his saints, *Mons. Antoine Storer* should have suffered for laughing at mine. But, could you believe it ? After all my master's preparations for the duel, this cursed English poltron sent him an excuse. What a shame it was !—O, Angelique, there was such a *habit de combat* for the occasion—Superb !—Scarlet and gold olives, lined with American furs—Magnificent !—Red-heel pumps too, as fine as the wretches here could make—Ah ! if they had met, certainly nothing could have been so glorious ?—I had rolled up the Marquis's hair for six buckles at the side—But alas ! all that's past, and we are going home—for my Lord Washington's Congress have given us our furlows, though, indeed, they are quite in despair at our leaving them. My master wrote them a letter yesterday, to comfort them—He was about it all day—I overheard these noble words.—“ *The moment I heard of America, I loved her—The moment I knew she was fighting, I burnt with a desire to bleed for her, and the moment I can serve her in any time, in any place, and in any how, is the only moment worth existing for.*” Ah ! my dear Angelique, what a trio of moments ! However, there are two or three other little moments you and I must have. This letter of my master's had a good effect—My Lord Washington's Congress have behaved pretty well about it—they have written to the Dr Ambassador, to buy a fine sword, and make a present of it to my master—There Angelique !—and Monsieur Laurens has sent a letter too, where *he prays God to bless and protect the Marquis*—What a sword and

D

what

what a blessing!—As for myself, I have got neither—
curse them! If they had given me a neat sword, they
might have kept the blessings for themselves—But, dear
Angelique, love me, and I shall want neither sword or
blessing.

Eternally your Love,

JEAN, JACQUES, CHARLES MARECHALL.

* SECRET SERVICE MONEY.

	<i>Livres.</i>
T O Monsieur—for suppreffing a libel against her Majesty	80,000
To do. for sending hounds from England	20,000
To Monsieur Jacques for intelligence	20,000
To do. for payments to Mr Smith at Ply- mouth,—Mr — at Portsmouth,—the apothecary at Chatham,—Miss — at Deptford,—Madam — at Woolwich, —Messrs — at Bristol—Messrs — shipbuilders at Limehouse, Wapping, Blackwall, &c. &c.	15,000
To an alderman of London for the state of his corps in the militia, by the hands of Mr Alderman Lee,——— <i>Q.</i> If ever it reached him.	10,000
	To

* The Editor laments the imperfect state of this account, a-
parently the rest of it would have been a subject of much curi-
osity.

Libres. Sol.

To Colonel B—me master gunner of St James's Park, for the whole state of the English ordnance	12,000
To the widow and lovely babe of Mr John the Painter	4,000
To the Reverend Mr Jackson, editor of the Ledger, General Advertiser, and London Packet.—N. B. First recommended by my good friend the Dukes of Kingston	11,298 11
To the Honourable T. W. for important details.—N. B. His Excellency Dr Franklin promises, that Congress shall reimburse us as soon as their affairs permit	80,000
To Monsieur <i>Panchaud</i> , for his losses as <i>Bear</i> , instead of <i>Bull</i> , in attempting to sink the English funds, when the news of St Lucie, D'Estaing's blockade, Pondicherry, &c. arrived so <i>mal apropos</i>	400,000
To do. for money advanced to T. W. for differences in the same service	155,000
To cash advanced to his Excellency Dr Franklin, till the arrival of his tobacco fleet.	130,000
To his other Excellency Silas Deane, to pay for his transportation to America	100,000
To his third Excellency	100,000
To Mr Sayre, Ambassador from America, to Prussia, as consolation for his not being received	80,000
	To

	<i>Livres.</i>
To illuminations at Pont-neuf, &c. by order of Duc de Chartres	10,000
To divers poets for sundry odes on the naval victory, at sixpence <i>per stanza</i>	5,000
To his Excellency Dr Franklin, to enable him to purchase the sword, <i>ordered by Congress for Marquis de la Fayette</i>	1,000
To <i>le Duc de la Vaugyon</i> for negociating the Dutch loan	10,000
To Baumarchais to pay for the two ships he purchased from the King	100,000
To Gerard for private douceurs among members of Congress; snuff-boxes with the King's picture for their wives and daughters; a rouge box, filled with the rouge her Majesty uses, (twice as superb as Fayette's sword) for my Lady Washington, &c.	600,000
To my private secretary for himself, and merely as a reward for his honesty	500,000
Carried over	5434,2984

To the one ARNOLD

This was worth decyphering,—X is our best spy—it's a good scheme, something may be done about it; it will amuse the bankrupt sugar merchants, to try the experiment; though if it succeeds, they shan't get a shilling by it.—But I am not sanguine—I do'nt like these currents that D'Ovilliers talks of.—There may be just the same kind at Jersey as at Ushant. S——)

There's a fine opportunity now to attack Jersey.

$123+75. 836=4:2.342+ab.11.19:6:2:187.92:3:4$

All the Navy officers are squabbling with one another.

$18.3.78.800.03.62.318.4:++.36.9=312.$

They're so busy about what's past, that they neglect the future.

$3:800.24:6\oplus 42.9+3.72.11.5.932.+17:43$

There's a great deal of our sugar in the island.

$\times.3:q.=800.24.6:42:9.S:G:11\sim\sim.11.342.$

And the Governour stays in London, to make speeches at the House.

$2.1.000013.4+.71.5\ast\oplus 312:ab.$

But above all Lord Sandwich must be turned out.

$5.13:\odot 8.+42:978-29=3.45--+11.17.8:W.$

Because it's now certain the invalid's shirts are not long enough

$400.=3.+28.43.7.A:B:17.32.X.11.14.$

To keep the poor fellows warm; or go in their breeches.

$19.+ : 6. \textit{Questo} - 33.14.45.1775.1776.1777.1778.1779.$

So that we may make use of riots, rebellions, and all kinds of mischief.

THE



THE Reader may possibly expect the letter on the Rockingham party, which the spy promised in one of his former dispatches ; but the Editor has found it impossible to publish it. It is true, there was one in the box upon this subject, but very much blotted and erased : As far as it could be made out, it appeared very severe on this Rockingham party, as they are called.—Possibly Sartine might have thought that such professed enemies of the English, were of course, the best friends of the English ministry, and accordingly effaced this satire against his own interest ; or, perhaps, politeness conquered party ; and, though the ludicrous account of the Shelburnites did not much offend him, he entirely disapproved of serious personalities, upon any subject or occasion.—However it was, he had blotted out some words, and left others remaining—for example, there seemed to have been (but it was scarcely intelligible) a good deal at first about aristocracy, and against the obsolete pretensions of some noblemen, who think they are perfectly qualified for Ministers in these times, because their relations were plain, honest people last century.—This was half rubb'd out, but near it, *hereditary virtue* was very legible. There was a question, why the descendants of Dutch families, should

should pretend to lead his present Majesty, merely because their ancestors were King William's followers; or why George the Third should prefer two or three Dukes now a days, because Charles the Second was fond of their great grand-mothers.—This too had the pen drawn across it; and over it, Sartine had written in capital letters—STAUNCH, OLD WHIGS.

Cloſe to the names of Grenville and Burke, I could juſt make out *ſtamp act* and *declaratory law*, and a word or two about inconfiſtency and party; but theſe were followed by a long ſtring of compliments on wiſdom and eloquence. There ſeemed to be a kind of allegory about this party; it was called an hoſpital for invalid Admirals and Generals; a parliamentary Chelſea for wounded honour, and decayed reputation: Sartine had blotted this too, by way of keeping up a light and ſhade, in this mutilated manuſcript, for the character which followed, were youthful indiſcretion, and *Newmarket* were the only words eraſed in whole pages of panegyric.

By way of poſtſcript, the ſpy had given a liſt of thoſe who were always to be admitted to Lord Rockingham's levee; this it ſeems his wife had obtained by viſiting Lady Rockingham's femme de chambre, who had got a copy from the Marquis's porter; it was torn, but, on the fragments, I ſaw Mr Burke, Mr Nollikins, Mr Charles Turner, the Duke of Grafton, Jack Lee, Jack Ryder, Sir George Howard, and, at the corner, *Captain Walfingham*, with a quære as to the *Colonel*.

To

TO MONSIEUR DE SARTINE.

WHAT a letter is this which I inclose you ! I have shewn it to the King—He trembles, and my nerves, I confess, are not equal to the conflict.—Something must be done, and immediately.—Why has n't *La Mothe Picquet* failed ?—The American continent is open to us.—As to *De Grasse*, take care that business does not turn out bad for us.—All hopes for *D'Estaing* are gone.—The family compact is no compact at all.—Would to Heaven I could retire to my Chateau, and there rejoice in the general peace of Europe.—Don't you think, however, we can strike a blow this summer ? If not, Neckar's advice must be followed.

Your's,

DE MAUREPAS.

P. S. I have written to my friend at London, to know where Admiral *Arbuthnot* is going, and whether Sir *E. Hughes* is to call at Goree or not.

To the COUNT DE MAUREPAS.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR affection for the King, our master, your disinterested love of your country, and the
real

real desire which I know you possess for the restoration of peace, and the consequent relief to the miseries of our fellow-subjects, whose present calamities are almost too great for even spirits and fortitude like theirs to resist.—Call upon me to *represent* to you, as shortly as possible, the real situation of this country, with respect to its present trade, revenue, and expences, and what will shortly be its unhappy state, in case the present war continues between France and England.—You will impute my zeal upon this occasion, as, I trust, you will upon every other, to that disinterestedness, which, I hope, is the characteristic of all my actions, and do me that justice with His Majesty, which, I trust, my conduct deserves to receive from you.—You are well aware, my dear Sir, of the general complaints of all our merchants and traders.—Many are ruined by the success of the English cruizers.—We are too impoverished to relieve them out of our revenue.—Those who are not yet bankrupts expect soon to be so; for our West India islands which are not taken, are blocked up; our India trade is annihilated by the capture of Pondicherry; Goree is, probably, by this time, in the hands of the English; our African traders already tremble for their property; and, after all, in case our merchandize does arrive in the channel, we have no fleet there to protect it, and it falls into the hands of the English. So much with respect to the trade of France. Our revenue, you well know, in time of *peace*, is not equal to our expence.—In 1769, the expences exceeded the revenue by 30 millions.—In 1770, they mounted to 70 millions, when L'Abbe Terray made the great reductions,

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but,

but, notwithstanding, in 1774, the expences still exceeded the revenue more than 17 millions—the whole of our revenue, including the produce of the suppression *des privileges dans les novvances de Roi*, and the late appropriation of some abbeys, does not amount to more than 380 millions.—Of this, *la Ferme Generale* pays 160 millions, but which will inevitably fall short this year.

	Millions.
Les dépenses annuelles viagères et les intérêts que le Roi paye montent à plus de —	139—
La depense de tous les départements, y compris la maison du Roi, tant civile que militaire, et les appanages des Princes, est de plus de —	200—
Exclusivement des dépenses extraordinaires de la Marine pour l'année dernière qui montent à —	100—
	439—
Déduction d'un Emprunt fait l'année dernière —	40—
	399—

Thus, it appears, that we are, the first year of a war, burthened with an excess in our expence of 30 millions of livres.

Here is, my dear friend, a short state of our finances; and, though we borrowed only forty millions last year, (in order to impress our enemies with an idea, that we are less in want of money than *themselves*, and that our fellow-subjects might not too early exclaim against a war, from fresh burthens laid upon them, before it was scarcely commenced) we must borrow *immensely* and *immediately*, if we mean to continue

tinue it. Our provincial states, particularly of Brittany and Languedoc, are affectionate to us in their loans of money; but, in truth, these reliefs are drops of assistance in a sea of distress!—Notwithstanding all my care and attention, I have the greatest difficulty in keeping the expences of the *Ponts and Chaussées l' Artillerie, Maréchaussée, les Etappes, les Intendants, et les Pensions PARTICULIERES*, within their usual accounts—in proportion to the general distress of a country, my good friend, each individual becomes more embarrassed and more tenacious of his claim to what the state is indebted to him.

The expences of our fleet last year were enormous, without any advantages from it. The repairs of it, in consequence of the action of the 27th of July, I understand, will be equal to half the original cost of it—Could we send out, this summer, ships for a channel squadron, we could not man them—The English have in their goals the seamen we expected to obtain from the arrival of our fleets—In a word, Spain will not join us—the Americans are ruined—we cannot lend them money, nor send them any assistance—our trade is ruined—we are upon the eve of another national bankruptcy, and it is only an immediate peace that can save this country.

Leave those rascals, the Americans, to shift for themselves.

N E C K A R.

March

March 28.

TO MONSIEUR DE SARTINE.

DEAR SARTINE,

I cannot contain my rage till my secretary comes home, or trust my resentment to the tameness of translation—I have been affronted—I, the ambassador plenipotentiary of the United Free States of America, have lived to see the day when I must endure the contempt of the wretched envoys of every paltry principality. In short, all the ambassadors refuse to rank with me—*Doria Pamphili*, the Pope's nuncio, calls me a quaker—Count *D'Aranda* says, his Catholic Majesty loves South America too well, to encourage rebel colonies—*Chevalier Zeno* says, the Venetians hate any thing but a nominal republic—*Monsieur d'Estevenon de Berkenroode* tells me his states quarrelled for religion, not taxes—Prince *Bariantinski* loves the English, and his mistress, the Empress of Russia, desires him to insult me—Baron *Goltz* refers me to Mr Sayre—All this I could bear—but, to see Count *Sickingen*, Baron *Grimm*, Baron *Thun*, and *Monsieur Wolff*, give themselves airs; drives me to madness—In short, Sir, I am insulted in all the languages of Europe—My religion is satyrized in Italian—my politics in Spanish and Dutch—I hear Washington ridiculed in Russian, and myself in all the jargon of Germany—I cannot bear it—Make Europe civil to America, or I'll follow *Silas Deane*.

Your's,

FRANKLIN.

Ancien

Ancien Hotel de Lautree, Monday Evening.

MY DEAR SARTINE,

I Hear some of our Virginia ships are arrived—I suppose you have settled the year's account with Franklin. Do let your secretary make it out for me.

VERGENNES.

IT appears the following was the beginning of Sartine's answer to Vergennes—Only one sheet of the account was in the box, but it's something to have saved even that from the flames.

DEAR VERGENNES,

ENCLOSED you have our accompt with his Excellency the trading Ambassador—Read, and burn it, for it never must be known what merchants you and I have been.

Certainly we two could write notes on the *Noblesse Commercante*—yet, don't we deserve some consolation for all our toils? For my own part, I am wearied of such complicated intrigues. Perpetual hypocrisy is a fatiguing business—I am tired of wearing the courtier's masque so constantly—It will refresh me to drop it for a moment, with my friend. Alas! Vergennes, why did we listen to this Baumarchais? His wild speculations involved us with these cursed Americans; they
got

got in debt with us, and it became necessary, at any rate, to plunge France in a war, to give us a chance of getting paid—What obstacles did we meet for a long time, to all our attempts! The King, fond of pleasure and ease, wished to enjoy both himself, and to communicate both to his subjects. On his accession, he found the nation exhausted by a long ruinous war—Bankrupts in honour as well as property—the public spirit broken, and the public credit destroyed—Yet, under such a sovereign, guided by the wisdom and experience of Maurepas, France might once more have recovered from her wounds; while the rich products of the East and West India trades, established by Colbert as our best resources, flowed into all her harbours, dispensing wealth and industry, from the prince to the peasant. What art did it require, to persuade his Majesty to forego such certain happiness for the wild speculation of an American alliance!—At length, the English army *piled up their arms at Saratoga*, and ambition could no longer resist the temptation—Still, however, Neckar doubted—But arithmetic yielded to flattery—The Queen loved to controul—we promised to support her, and she managed his Majesty—But what have all these machinations produced? Pondicherry and St Lucie are lost, or, in other words, the East and West Indies; for we have no force in the one, and D^e la Saign is blocked up in the other—We have remonstrances from bankrupts at Bourdeaux—petitions from wooden-legged captains, or their wooden-shoed widows—The first you can manage—but Montbarry is tired of the others. The young officers, who at first talked of nothing but exalting the fleur de lis, and treading down the English lion,

lion, get tired of this business—They want to come to Paris—they want to come to the opera, to the Queen's ball, to their mistresses, to the horse races ; to be any where, in short, but at country quarters—The King teazes me for victories—The Queen says, the Doctor's spectacles must be mended—Maurepas shakes his head—Neckar calculates, and frowns—The Spanish ambassador says nothing—Above all,

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* * * * *

(This is the precious leaf saved from the flames—Ex
pede Herculem)

ACCOUNT

(Folio 12)

ACCOUNT OF PROFITS AND LOSS

Of the firm of

Mess. SARTINE, VERGENNES, and His Ex. Dr FRANKLIN,

C O P A R T N E R S .

	<i>Livres.</i>		<i>Livres.</i>
<i>Brought up</i>	2,700,000	<i>Brought up</i>	957,000
GAIN.		Loss.	
Share of prize by the <i>Sturdy Beggar</i> E- phraim Adams Cap.	60,000	Third of cargo con- signed to Boston, by the <i>Invincible</i> , taken by the <i>Lizard</i> cutter	40,000
<i>Consignments</i> — tobac- co, by the <i>Oliver</i> <i>Cromwell</i> , Jack Lee Commander	125,000	Share of gunpowder in the <i>Ocean</i> , taken by the <i>Thames</i>	20,000
Pitch and tar, by the <i>Two Brothers</i> , So- lomon Howe ma- ster	80,000	Seven-eighths of dry goods in the <i>Vul-</i> <i>can</i> , drove ashore by the <i>Venus</i>	50,000
Shares of rice from the Carolinas, per the <i>True Britain</i> , Cap- tain <i>Sabot</i> , per the <i>Lively</i> , Ebenezer Darby, per the <i>Sprightly</i> , Caleb Cu- shing, per the <i>My-</i> <i>Lady Washington</i> , Moses Hancock	400,000	Five-sixteenths of furs in the <i>Otter</i> , sunk by the <i>Beaver</i>	23,000
Carry over	3,945,000	Cargo of matches, saltpetre and ful- phur, in the <i>Gene-</i> <i>ral Lee</i> , taken by the <i>P'Hazard</i>	39,000
		Protested bills return- ed by the <i>Land of</i> <i>Promise</i> ,	100,000
		Carry over	1,117,000

SKETCH

SKETCH of the SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

—JERSEY—a coup de main.—The militia will certainly run away—the Governor not come, till the whole business is over—This can't fail of success—What a fine gazette it will make for our friends in American *Fersey*!

——Invasion of Ireland—people mostly papists ; but unluckily for us, as well off now as the protestants—However, our friends in the opposition promise, some how or other, to make them rebel—One of them has engaged to set their priests to work, particularly Father ——— The Irish should be taught to compare themselves to the Americans—a Congress might be held in Dublin, Sir *Edward Newenham* president—We must write to order two or three harangues in the English parliament, to spirit up the Irish army to mutiny—I wish we could make our own people forget *Thurot's* name—The worst of all is, the Irish are a nation of blunderers ; and, though they should even invite us to join them, it is more than probable they'd mistake us for enemies, as soon as we got there ; and with the same blundering folly, prefer the safety and honour of England, to the unambitious disinterested friendship of France.

——In the course of the summer, a descent on Southampton and Brighthelmstone, in the bathing season, may give us some eclat, and it will keep up the
F spirits

spirits of our young officers, to storm the ball rooms, or enter the bathing houses sword in hand.

As to a *grand fleet*, the merchants will murmur, if we don't make some parade about their interests, though all the mischief is done already; for the English privateers have seized above twelve millions Sterling of their property—Besides, even if we can man a grand fleet, D'Orvilliers disdains to stay in the English channel. After his victory, as he called it, last summer, he thought even the Atlantic too narrow for his own glory, or his sovereign's ambition. Yet all the *business* is done in this *English Channel*, as those islanders have the insolence to call it.

—We must garrison our coast towns very carefully;—for, as soon as Jersey is taken, the English will try to retaliate—not that they are very fond of coming too near our coast; but still we must take care; for nothing could make us so ridiculous in the eyes of all Europe, as a ship or two of theirs coming under our forts, to burn and seize our men of war and our merchant ships.

If D'Estaing beats Byron, we'll send for him home to burn Portsmouth—for no one but D'Estaing is worthy to finish what John the Painter began.

We are very much puzzled what forts to attack,—*Dover Castle* is impregnable; *Tuffnell* commands there! —*Scilly* would be a desperate business; *Egerton* is prepared for us! —*Tilbury* indeed would be easy enough, if we cou'd once get there. —Many are for attacking *The Cinque Ports*, because Lord North is governor! —They say he has a trick of falling asleep on his post—Its true enough he does sleep; but, I'm afraid,

afraid, like the lion, to crush his enemies when he awakes.—*Fort William* we can easily reduce—for our old enemy Mr Rigby says, Governour Burgoyne can only fight for the congress now.—The Tower wou'd be best of all, if we cou'd sail up the by night.—Lord Cornwallis will be as tedious and circuitous in answering General Howe's *inquiries*, as the General was in getting to Philadelphia, so he'll have no time to think of us—and if we once take the Tower, it will be particularly pleasant to ransack the armoury, where this proud people have preserved so many spoils of their former glory, and our unaccountable defeats.—So much for Europe—as to America——

* * * * *

(This sketch of a *South American* alliance is one of *Lauragai's* libels---He does not know how *seriously* we have debated this subject in the cabinet.

S——.)

PROJECT of a *treaty of friendship and commerce*, between his Most Christian Majesty and *the United States of South America*.—To be ratified as soon as they rebel against Spain, which we have reason to hope will take place in two or three years.

1. " *In the name of the holy and undivided trinity* *, his Most Christian Majesty will receive an embassy, composed of a disbanded Jesuit, and philosophical doctors, from *Paraguay, Chili, and Peru*: At the same time Le Sieur *Conrade Alexander Gerard* (who will, by that time, have experience in this kind of business) shall be " *named and constituted Envoy Plenipotentiary*" to all those States of *South America*, in general, which adopt the example of protected rebellion; and, in particular, D'Eon Chargée des Affaires to the *Country of Amazons*.

2. His Most Christian Majesty will graciously send them all kinds of arms to destroy the Spaniards, and for every pound of powder he will only stipulate for an ounce of gold dust.

3. His most Christian Majesty will send a fleet to *convoy* the *canoes* of the United States to all ports of the known world; but not under the command of *D'Estaing*, even if he should come home alive: This command being reserved for Monsieur *Bougainville*, who will not soon be forgot by the ladies in those seas.

4. His Most Christian Majesty " *will employ his good offices, and interference,*" in favour of the people of *Paraguay, the Chilese, and Peruvians*, " *with the King, or Emperor of Morocco, the Regencies of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoly,*" and all other the princes, kings, and emperors of Africa; and moreover, with the Emperor of Japan, and all the pyratyckal, smuggling princes in that quarter of the globe.

5.

* We follow the words of the *North American treaty*.

5. His Most Christian Majesty is so fond of liberty, that he will require no return for these favours, except that his subjects may have full liberty to fish in South America, because they love to fish in troubled waters.

Her MAJESTY's Answer to My Letters, inclosing MAUREPAS' and NECKAR's.

S——

I HAVE studied very attentively the letter you sent me.—That Maurepas and Neckar should hold such language, does not in the least surprise me, but that you should seem affected by their apprehensions, is a point I cannot account for.—The King, you say, appears to be out of spirits with the war.—I grant it ; and am rather pleased he is so ; for it will incline him still less to interfere in the management of it. Had the commencement of it been marked with any very encouraging circumstances, it is probable, he might have become more alert and inquisitive in the business, than would have suited either my ambition or your interest. No, Sartine ! let us once establish our party, by whatever means, in the management of this war, and doubt not but we shall soon have victories and triumphs to compensate for a little present disgrace.—Ask Vergennes whether he does not think as I do on this subject.—Or, should we even be forced to abandon our system, we may at all times negotiate with equal advantage ; Nay, the *Duke de Nivernois* asserts,
(and,

(and, I think, he is justified in it), that the more unsuccessful the war is on our part, the more secure we shall be of an advantageous peace.—The English, from a foolish affectation of magnanimity, acquire humility from triumphs ; so that the more victories they gain, the fewer concessions they require.—They will never beat us out of our ability to conquer them in treaties.

So far for your statesmen's timid and desponding arguments.—But to the letter, which you inclose me from the officious Bishop of ——— I scarcely think a reply can be necessary. He begins with expressions of the highest admiration at the spirit and genius which he affects to discover in me, and which he pronounces to be so extraordinary from my youth and sex.—He instances, in a very flattering style, the glorious effects of female enterprise and ability, from Assyrian Semiramis to Russian Catharine ; and then deliberately enters upon a formal panegyric on the superior virtue and beauty of retired dignity and domestic felicity : A situation, which, with more zeal than argument, he asserts, will yield the truest fame to a wedded Princess : And, with a provoking confidence, rests his proofs on the single instance of Charlotte of England.

Tell the good Bishop I have no objection to his style, nor to his introduction : But I had rather have him for my historian than my counsellor. Assure him, however, that I very thankfully accept all his compliments ; and reject nothing but his doctrine.

Were I inclined to debate the point with him, as a matter of argument only, inexperienced as I am, I should not doubt but that the better reasons would appear

appear on my side. It is scarcely possible for a woman, whom Fate has destined to partake a throne, to be capable, much less desirous, of deriving her happiness from the tranquil duties, and frivolous enjoyments, which suit the sphere, and constitute the habits of those in a less exalted state. From her infancy, her desires and expectations are moulded on a different bias—her cradle is watched with more jealousy than affection, and her maturer age is looked forward to, not with the fond anticipation of parental love, but with the interested impatience of political speculation.—The cultivation of her mind is on principles which oppose the growth of every tender plant which the hand of Nature has placed there—the seedlings of gentle affection and sympathetic fondness, are torn out as weeds. She must accustom herself to be without choice in the most important interests of life.—She must not think of love—nor can imagine the being loved.—She has no inducements to form attachments of friendship in a country she will be compelled to leave ; nor can her filial affection be great, when she considers that her *happiness* is but a secondary object to her parents. At length the state requires its sacrifice of her, and she is wedded without choice.—From that moment, observe the curious justice that is exacted from her : “ You are now to attach your mind to domestic “ delights—You are now to cultivate affection and “ social love—Avoid all interference in matters of state. “ Private virtues and accomplishments are a Queen’s “ best ornaments ; nothing beyond is amiable ; no- “ thing engaging.”——In this manner, I remember, did my great aunt ————— harangue me on my leaving

leaving Vienna ; and the good Bishop appears to be a teacher of the same persuasion. But, is there sense or reason in supposing that the constitution of the mind can at once be so entirely changed? Can it instantly repossess itself of those feelings and inclinations which every attempt had been made to eradicate?—When in earliest spring you have killed the root, will you call for the luxuriance of a summer's shade? In all other situations of life, the force of habit and education is admitted.—No person in Paris marrying a girl, who, from her infancy, has been bred at St Cyr, expects to find at once the manners and principles of a finished *precieuse*; as reasonably might the beau at Pekin require, that the maid, who, to attain one species of beauty, has been cramped and crippled from her cradle, should dance at her marriage, with the activity of a Chinese *Heinel*—From those only who are born to royalty, are such inconsistencies required—We are readily suffered to consider ourselves as creatures of a political relation and importance, till it is the interest of the state to portion us into exile—But is the *Queen* to be still more insignificant than the *Princesses*? Is the *policy* of her marriage the only state-business she is capable of understanding? Was the *negociation* for her affection the last she is to be consulted in? Is she to be related to the empire on whose throne she sits, only by the alliance she has given it? And, in short, to be made use of in the grand political engine, as the *pivot* on which nations are united and brought into co-operation; yet, in the working of it, to be denied the credit of being a part of the machine? I wish those, who are so desirous of seeing such a prodigy of domestic

domestic majesty, would also draw out the plan on which so amiable a scheme is to be carried into execution—I confess myself, that I have no very accurate ideas of a Paris Penelope—Perhaps, to give the true dignity to such a state, they would have the whole business of domestic felicity and conjugal tenderness, between a royal pair, conducted with the same ceremony with which the alliance commenced. And, really, it would be an injustice, that they, whose obedient affections were won by proxy and embassies, should be put to the fatigue of supporting the tender connection without similar interferences. On this plan, a due dignity might still be preserved—the form of demanding an *audience* should precede each familiar *visit*; and no *private conference* should ever degenerate into a *teté à teté*—*Billet-deux embassies* might be frequent, through which the soft intercourse of sighs and compliments might be carried on with a suitable decorum—*Exclusive treaties*, with regard to smiles and the *doux yeux*, would be adjusted by a *pacte de famille*; and, though no appearance of favouritism should exist, yet the sovereign might be permitted to *kiss hands on being presented*—with an heir—It would be unpolite to require the constancy of either to be *garantéed*—However, on the absence of the Monarch, he might appoint a resident, with limited powers, or to act only as *chargé des affairs*.

Excuse my writing with such levity; but there is a ridicule in the injustice of all arguments against the privileges of our sex, of what ever rank, which makes it impossible to answer them with seriousness.

———In short, I have considered what pursuits are best calculated to give satisfaction to my own mind.—I feel no real delight in the elegant dissipations of a court, though I affect to lead them. The admiration I receive is too much chastised by respect to situation, to flatter mere female vanity; the gratifying which is the only true inducement to be graceful or amiable.

———To deter me from the pursuit of politics, or a desire of governing, let such dull moralists as the Bishop quote the Salic law, and all the common place inferences which ungallant policy has drawn from it.—On a true female spirit it must act rather as an inducement.—It would be impious in any of us to pretend that the *Original Interdiction* would have operated otherwise on our minds than it did on our first parents: And had Eve partaken of a throne in a country like France, the mere provocation of the *Salic Law* would have prevented her knowing rest till she had acquired a share in the government.———

M A R I E.

Friday Night, half after Ten.

TO MONSIEUR DE SARTINE.

MY DEAREST LOVE,

YOU will certainly rob the world of your life, and of course of mine, if you continue to study politics at night as well as day; at least, I shall be jealous of
of

of the Queen or Madam Sartine: I have made a pleasant little party, for to-morrow night at my villa. The Duke of Chartres and Count D'Artois have promised me to come, and I have just sent to invite Prince Nassau, and Marquis de Genlis—The beautiful D'Erviex, Mademoiselle Michelot, and a world of wit and beauty—They are to be with me at twelve—but can't *you* contrive to come a quarter of an hour before?—Don't disappoint me—Adieu.

DU THE.

F I N I S.



